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BY NICHOLAS ORLANDO.

ORIGINAL PRODUCTIONS.

For the LITERARY TABLET.

APPLICATION.

IT is a peculiar property of the mind, by which it is ſtrikingly diſtinguiſhed from matter, that it poſſeſſes the principles of action in itſelf. Metaphyſicians may mechanically ſubject the will to the influence of motives, and, in a thouſand ways, confound our underſtandings by the ſubtlety of their notions, yet it will always remain a truth, which every one may know from his own experience, that the attention of the mind is ſubject to its own command. This dominion, which the mind poſſeſſes over itſelf, may be partially renounced by voluntary conſent; or, as in the caſe of ſleep, be totally uſurped by the aſſociation of ideas. But though by the conſtitution of nature, the mind may be thus temporarily deprived of its authority over itſelf, it may not be unintereſting to inquire, how far, while in poſſeſſion of that authority, the conſtitution of nature may require it ſhould be exerciſed.

In the vegetable kingdom, we diſcover that a particular management ſeems to forward the intentions of nature. Under the genial influence of the ſun, free from weeds, and with a proper temperament of moiſture, the tender plant aſſumes the firmeſt texture, and is ſoon augmented to the ſturdy tree. It would be a ſtrange exception in the general laws of nature, if the mind might be permitted to float undirected on the ocean of exiſtence, without counteracting the principles of its nature. But we are not left to the uncertainty of analogy to diſcover the intentions of nature. The growth of the mental faculties, and the cauſes which contribute to their maturity, depend no leſs on the exertions of the mind itſelf, than the growth and maturity of plants, on a due proportion of the elements.

The effects, which the exertions of the mental faculties have upon the mind itſelf, are ſtill more clearly apparent from their contraſt with the conſequences of mental inactivity. In the whole ſyſtem of nature's arrangements, we are able, notwithſtanding the limitation of the human faculties, to diſcover, running through the whole, ſome general outlines of deſigns. Theſe deſigns, whether they are to be carried into effect by the mechanical laws of matter, or the voluntary exertions of intellectual agents, can never be counteracted with impunity. Hence we find, that thoſe of the human family, who conſign themſelves to mental inactivity, are doomed by the conſtitution of nature to a liſtleſs exiſtence, deprived of thoſe enjoyments which are found in the active ſcenes of buſy life, and not unfrequently end their days by ſuicide.

It is not here contended that the exerciſing of the mental faculties abſtracted of the intentions for which they may be exerciſed, can be conſidered a moral virtue. Indeed we ſuppoſe it impoſſible for moral agents to have mental exerciſes except under moral modifications. But independent of the intentions for which the mental faculties may be exerciſed, the ſalutary conſequences of their mere exerciſe may be conſidered a natural good. The very common maxim, "it is impoſſible to be idle and innocent," contains in it much truth. It is a conſequence deduced from the natural activity of the mind, the energies of which, unleſs under proper direction, will deviate from the plan of nature, cauſe the mind to be deranged in its operations, and introduce diſorder into the intellectual economy.

The perfection of nature's plan is to be ſeen in the moſt improved ſtate of the human mind. Though none of the intellectual faculties, or their improvements are immediate ſubjects of ocular inſpection, their effects on the ſtate of civil ſociety are apparent to the view of all. We might here mention the modern improvements in commerce, which have depended on aſtronomical diſcoveries, we might notice the abſurdities which chemical experiments have detected in the ſcience of medicine, and the more perfect manner in which the principles of juriſprudence and civil policy are now underſtood and practiced than in former ages. But all theſe facts and many others of a ſimilar kind are far from proving that human nature has arrived at the acme of its perfectibility. Much remains to be done. The proſpect that ſtill further advancements may be made in the arts and ſciences, increaſes with the increaſe of knowledge; and application, induſtry, and perſeverance have ſtill an extenſive field for exerciſe. G. A.

For the LITERARY TABLET.

SOLACES OF RELIGION.

IN no view does man appear with ſo much conſiſtency and beauty, as when we conſider him in the exerciſe of benevolence to his kind, and of obedience and homage to the Author of his being. In theſe ſacred offices of religion, he completely fills the ſphere for which he was deſigned by heaven, and attains the higheſt dignity of his nature, approaches neareſt to Divinity. In theſe too, he finds the moſt pure and genuine bliſs. The gratification of ſenſe, which he participates in common with the meaneſt animal, muſt ceaſe with the diſſolution of his bodily organs. But in extending the hand of charity to the needy, and in bending the knee in reverence to his God, he feels a noble, angelic pleaſure. A generous glow of ineffable delight, an ardent, ingenuous flame kindles in his breaſt, which eternity will not extinguiſh.

It is uſual for the ſubject of religion, if ſpoken of at all, to be mentioned with a timorous reſerve, a down-caſt look, and an uneaſy conſtraint. The unwelcome, terror-fraught ſubject is ſoon diſmiſſed, and the ſchemes of wealth, the levity of jeſt, or the tale of ſlander takes it place. But had I language to expreſs the ferver of my mind, religion ſhould be ſo painted as to ſubdue the moſt obdurate by her charms, and enliven their hearts by her tranquil joys. She ſhould allure by her ſmile, as well as awe by her frown.

Religion, ſcoffed at by the unbelieving, unheeded by the gay, bartered for pleaſure, for wealth, and for honor, by the licentious, the covetous, and the ambitious, ſeeks the boſom of the contrite, ſcatters the gathering clouds of gloom, ſtills the tumult of warring paſſions, and diffuſes through the ſoul ſerenity and calm.—She, with her ſiſter Contentment, gives an exquiſite flavour to every enjoyment, and mingles her delicious ſweets with the bitter cup of ſorrow. She adminiſters her balm to the burſting heart of affliction, ſmooths misfortune's rugged road, and ſheds her reſplendent beams to cheer the lonely paths of benighted pilgrims. Emanating from the eternal Love, whoſe mercy gives the ravens food, the poor their pittance, and the rich their dainties, religion adds delicacy to native ſympathy. She is the parent of ſocial order among men, of friendſhip, which ſoothes the anguiſhed heart, ſoftens the perplexing cares of life, and melts with endearing tenderneſs thoſe who are united by its bands; ſhe is a pure, unmingled fountain, from which iſſue ſtreams of endleſs felicity.

Religion is doubly precious as it enables us to extend our views forward, and conſider ourſelves as having ſurvived life's billowy ſcenes, and gladly eſcaped from the body, a ſhivered wreck, which we left devoted to corruption, and as fitted to receive thoſe purely intellectual pleaſures, on which the ſoul will forever banquet. Tranſported beyond the limits of time, by the ken of faith the ſoul takes a view of the unbounded proſpect, and anticipates the joy of thoſe ſcenes, when, ſet free, ſhe will range thoſe flowery fields, which are lighted by the radiance of the immaculate Son.

To the higheſt perſonal endowments, religion adds a charm. Though by many it is thought fit only for the gloom of retirement, the alarms of diſeaſe, or the decrepitude of age, yet it lends an attractive beauty to the gaiety and vivacity of youth, gives dignity to the ſobriety of middle age, and ſheds a luſtre on the decline of life. Female ſoftneſs and delicacy never appears with ſo much ſweetneſs, as when united with the ſenſibility and grace, which religion affords.

Were I to deſcribe a man poſſeſſing all the happineſs this mortal ſtate can afford, he ſhould be the humble, cheerful chriſtian. Meek, unaſſuming, and modeſt, he is more careful to *be* than *to appear* religious. He aſſumes no diſtortions of countenance, no artificial airs of pi-

ety, but a grave ſincerity, a natural, unaffected eaſe. Equally free from the cold and ſtupid apathy of lifeleſs pretenders, and the wild phrenzies of fevered brains, his zeal, though fervid, is reſtrained by the dictates of ſolid reaſon. Untaught in the whims and chimeras of viſionaries and theoriſts, his faith is founded on the oracles of truth. Senſible of human weakneſs and his own frailty, he rather pities than is angry with thoſe, who form wrong notions, and are deluded into errors and faults. Though his council is plain and impreſſive, yet his example has the greateſt influence. In his preſence baſeneſs is uneaſy with itſelf. He never ſternly frowns nor threatens, but the mildneſs and gentleneſs of his reproof ſubdue the moſt abandoned, and make them reverence the goodneſs and dignity that elevate his character. He is no ſtranger to the rational pleaſures of life. At proper times, he mingles with delight in converſation, in mirth, and in the gratifications of ſenſe. Peaceful and benevolent to his fellow men, his only enemies are the enemies of truth and religion. Suſceptible of the tendereſt emotions, he feels for the wants and diſtreſſes of others. Stranger and acquaintance, chriſtian and ſavage, bond and free, equally ſhare his kind offices. He condoles with mourners, wipes the tear from the cheek of affliction, and mitigates the pangs of ſickneſs. Ever reſigned, he meets misfortune with compoſure, and death with a ſmile. Such is the man whoſe days here are crowned with peace and happineſs, and whoſe death will but introduce him to more conſummate glory.

How widely different is the character of him who has truſted for happineſs to the objects of ſenſe. His life is one continued ſcene of petulence and diſcontent. Though he ſhould glitter in the ſilks of India, or breathe the perfumes of Arabia; though his coffers ſhould drain the mines of Peru, and he ſhould banquet on the dainties of every clime, yet his mind ſtung by remorſe would be ſickened and diſtracted by every object about him. But he who yeſterday was ſurrounded by all the ſplendor of fortune, and ſported in the ſunſhine of plenty, to day is overſhadowed by the clouds of diſaſter. His anticipated bliſs, like the fabric built upon the ſand, is ſwept before the tempeſt of misfortune. Diſeaſe ſeizes his frame, and he languiſhes on the bed of ſickneſs. He takes a ſurvey of his paſt life; he finds he has waded through vexation and diſquietude, through enormities and guilt. Sometimes, indeed, he thought he had a kind of happineſs in the gratification of appetite, when pleaſure ſparkled in the cup, and ingenuity was exhauſted on inventions to pleaſe the ſenſes. But now the bubble breaks; the ſoul deluding phantom vaniſhes. His mind is all darkneſs and horror. While his body is wrecked with the moſt excruciating pain, not one ray of heavenly light illumes his guilty, agonizing ſoul. He is brought at length to the borders of eternity. A troubled ocean it ſeems whoſe billows every moment threaten to overwhelm him. Standing on its ſhore a languid ſpectre, he raiſes his ſhivering hand and cries with a ſhriek, "Lord ſave me, for I periſh:" he plunges and is loſt, irrecoverably loſt.

Turn from this ſad cataſtrophe, and let me call your attention to the dying ſcene of an aged chriſtian. It made ſuch a deep impreſſion upon my young and tender mind I ſhall never forget it. He was a plain mechanic, whoſe little eſtate was the earnings of induſtry, and who "ate his bread by the ſweat of his face." Worn out by age and ripe for the grave, he faultered under the weight of his infirmities. In the full proſpect of eternal fruition, he bore a lingering ſickneſs, without a murmur or a groan. When the hour of his departure was come, his friend that ſat by him ſaid—"My friend, you are juſt about to die;" "no, ſaid he, calmly, I am juſt about to live." Methinks I now ſee the ſmile that frightened on his ghaſtly countenance, and hear the feeble voice that languiſhed on his dying breath.—He fainted—he died—and who would not envy his death? who would not ſo walk with his God, that his end might be like *his?*

LEANDER.

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For the LITERARY TABLET.

The origin and progreſs of Poetry.

POETRY is the child of ſentiment and fancy—faculties of the mind, which are the peculiar gifts of nature, and capable of being exerciſed prior to any conſiderable improvement of the underſtanding. This is manifeſt from the rough traces of Poetry, found among the moſt untutored nations of every age and country.

The Aborigines of America, who are the true diſciples of nature, celebrate, in ſong, the undaunted exploits of their heroic warriors.—And although their numbers are not rounded and poliſhed according to the rules of ſyntax and proſody, yet in point of poetic energy they will bear compariſon with the productions of thoſe, who think it no arrogance to ſtyle themſelves the "ſons of Science."

The numerous tribes of Aſiatics, which ſwarm on the banks of the Kiam; or whoſe wild ſuperſtition charms them to the waters of the Ganges, are not ignorant of this divine art. They ſing their favorite amuſements—the ſeaſons of the year—the charms of the perſons whom they adore, and the praiſes of the Gods they worſhip. But their poetic effuſions are rude, and with regard to grammatical accuracy, very imperfect. Therefore, to ſee poetry, dreſſed out in all its beauties, we muſt turn to nations, where the mind is ſubjected to the joint dominion of judgment and fancy; but neither duped by the one, nor enſlaved by the other.

And not to mention the admirable poems of the Hebrews, which we believe were penned by thoſe under divine impreſſions, the Greeks may be conſidered the Fathers of Poetry. They poſſeſſed a ſuperior natural talent for verſifying, and no means to improve that talent were left unaſſayed.

Their great taſte and general ſcience enabled them to check fancy in her extravagancies, without damping her energies; and their language was peculiarly adapted to poetic compoſitions. It expreſſed with equal felicity the bold and ſublime conceptions of Homer, the tender and pathetic of Euripides, and the playful and elegant of Anacreon.

But this ambitious people, not content when raiſed to the higheſt point of poetic eminence, muſt vainly ſtrive to rob the Hebrews of the honor of firſt practiſing this art, by making its origin coeval with themſelves. They declared Apollo to be the God of Poetry. He was attended by the nine Siſters. They dwelt on the ſacred hills of Phoſis, whoſe baſes were waſhed by the conſecrated waters of Hypocrane. Happy fictions! ſtill the life and energy of poetic compoſitions.

But on the decline of Grecian refinement, the Mantuan Bard became the peculiar favorite of the "Nine Siſters," and Italy the "ſeat of the Muſes." Here the fair Siſters remained till the illuſtrious Bards of England illured them to the Iſland of Great-Britain.

SELECTIONS.

FOR THE LITERARY TABLET.

AFFECTATION.

NOTHING conduces more to render a perſon agreeable, than eaſy and graceful manners. That our manners may be graceful, they muſt be natural; for actions that are forced, are ſtiff and awkward, and therefore diſguſtful. The uſe of Education is, not to transform, but to poliſh nature and eradicate accidental ill habits. The ſame geſtures in behaviour, and the ſame tone of voice in ſpeaking, that might be agreeable enough in one perſon, would offend in another, becauſe being differently formed, they muſt, while they follow nature, ſpeak and act differently. Affectation is an attempt to be, or appear to be ſomething diverſe from ourſelves, and to aſſume graces in our behaviour and converſation, of which we are not capable. It is the ſame thing in manners, as hypocriſy in religion. It is a folly chiefly incident to youth; it generally wears off by age and acquaintance with mankind. It is always diſguſtful, not only as it is unnatural, but eſpecially as it indicates a trifling vanity of mind. It uſually takes its riſe from a fondneſs to imitate ſome perſon, that is admired for ſuperiour accompliſhments. It is commonly blind and undiſcerning, and adopts the infirmities and peculiarities of the perſon admired as readily as his beauties and graces.

Curiatus is a gentleman of rank and fortune. His form is comely, his aſpect engaging, and his natural good ſenſe and lively genius are much improved by a polite education, and extenſive knowledge of the world. He can be agreeable in all companies without deſcending to the vices and follies of any.

In converſation he is always entertaining and inſtructive, never aſſuming or loquacious. He can be humourous without departing from innocence, and witty without ridiculing religion, or aſperſing characters. He never mortifies any in his company by ſeeming indifferent to what he ſays, nor offends him by direct contradiction; he rather inſinuates than impoſes his ſentiments. His language is pure and ac-

curate, but not laboured, his temper is calm, but not unfeeling, his behaviour is reſpectful, but not fawning. *Stolidus* is a youth of family and fortune, but his genius, taſte and education riſe not above mediocrity. He is little acquainted with books, leſs with men; his form is clumſy, and his manners ſtiff; yet he is intolerably vain; and ambitious of nothing ſo much as to be thought a polite gentleman.—*Curiatus* is the admiration of all his acquaintances, and for this reaſon *Stolidus* admires him too, and employs all his attention to ſpeak and act like him. When he walks, he *ſtrains* every muſcle to imitate *Curiatus's natural and eaſy* gait. He cocks his hat in the ſame manner, and elevates it the ſame number of degrees. He could ſmile or laugh decently enough, if he would be content to do it naturally, but affectation has changed his laugh into neighing, and his ſmiles into grinning. He ſlabbers his clothes a dozen times in an evening by his fruitleſs efforts to ſpit like *Curiatus*, and exhauſts the glands of his mouth by continual excretions, becauſe *Curiatus* has a habit of ſpitting frequently. When he talks, he uſually makes bad grammar and often worſe ſenſe, and he has for ſome time diſuſed his natural voice, and adopted an ugly tone, and an odd pronunciation ſcarcely intelligible, from a mere affectation of ſeeming to ſpeak as accurately and politely as *Curiatus*. There is no ſubject but what he will venture to diſcourſe upon, and he is much too apt to engroſs the converſation when he is in company, becauſe, he imagines, none can ſpeak ſo ſenſibly or ſo handſomely as himſelf. When he throws out his dull humour, none laughs but himſelf; yet he is not in the leaſt mortified, for he fancies, they reſtrain their riſibles, that they may not interrupt the pleaſure of hearing him talk. *Stolidus* might paſs for a tolerable companion, if he would ſpeak and act like himſelf, and modeſtly confine his converſation to the few things that he underſtands; but his vain affectation makes him ridiculous. He knows that he is ſometimes ſpoken of with contempt, but this only elates him, for he imagines it proceeds from envy of his ſuperiour reputation and accompliſhments. It would be happy, if ſome friends, in whom he confides, would point out to him his folly, and direct him to a more natural behaviour. A ſeaſonable hint often has a good effect. *Euſebius*, who was a celebrated preacher, uſed often, in the vehemence of his utterance, to fall into a heſitation of ſpeech. *Loquentius*, who was alſo a reputable preacher, and an admirer of *Euſebius*, had, by a ſervile imitation of him, adopted his ſtammering. A friend, who heard *Loquentius* on a particular occaſion, uſed the freedom to ſay to him, "Sir *Euſebius* is an excellent man, and in many reſpects, worthy of your imitation, but his *ſtammering* is an infirmity; and though it is inoffenſive in him, becauſe it is natural, and overlooked amidſt his ſhining talents, yet it is utterly unpardonable in you, in whom it is forced and affected. In future imitate the excellencies, not the infirmities of *Euſebius*." *Loquentius* never ſtammered again. When he percieved that his affectation was obſerved by others, he was aſhamed of it himſelf.

(Miſcel. Pub.)

VESUVIUS AND ÆTNA.

The Earthquake (ſays a Paris paper) continues almoſt daily at Spoletto, which is nearly deſerted by its inhabitants. The lava of Veſuvius conſtantly overflows and alarms the neighboring country. Moſt of the towns and villages in its vicinity are abandoned, the people having carried with them their moſt valuable effects, concluding, from ſeveral circumſtances, that ſome new and terrible exploſion is not diſtant.

Letters from Sicily ſtate, that on the 10th Auguſt, Mount Ætna ceaſed, for 24 hours, even to emit ſmoke, but this calm was ſucceeded on the 12th, early in the morning, with a terrible exploſion, and a noiſe as if millions of cannons had been fired at once. When the laſt letters of the 18th left that iſland, a ſhower of fire continued ſtill for three leagues round Ætna, from the burning materials throwed up by this mountain. No earthquakes had been experienced, but a ſubterraneous ſound, like thunder, was heard all over Sicily, particularly at and near Meſſina.

CURIOUS BEDSTEAD.

The Emperor Napoleon, and the Empreſs Joſephine, (ſays an Engliſh paper) during their journey in the conquered departments, make uſe of no other bedſtead but one of iron, carried with them, of the invention of Mr. Sanecy, in the Rue St. Antoine. In two minutes this bedſtead may be ſet up and taken down, and its whole weight is only ſeven pounds. The mechaniſm is ingenious, that it may eaſily be taken to pieces in five minutes, and requires no more ſpace than an uſual travelling trunk to contain them. Five minutes are afterwards ſufficient to put the pieces together again.

The following articles are copied from the Monthly Anthology.

THE whole iſland of Great-Britain was anciently called Albion. In the time of Julius Cæſar, it was called Britannia, from *birth*, which in the old Britiſh tongue ſignified *painted*; for the ſame reaſon that the extra-provincial Britains were afterwards called Picts, from their retaining the ancient cuſtom of painting their ſkins. But about 800 years after the incarnation of Chriſt, by a ſpecial edict of king Egbert, who was deſcended from the Angles, a people of Lower-Saxony, in whoſe poſſeſſion the greateſt part of the country then was, the ſouth part was called Angle, or Englelond, or as we now pronounce it, England.

Chamberlayne's preſent ſtate of Great-Britain, p. 1.

Conſtantine had a very ſuperb church erected at Jeruſalem, over the ſepulchre of Chriſt, which he dedicated to the twelve apoſtles, and intended for his own mauſoleum. This is the firſt inſtance of church interment.

When the moon is in its wane, they ſay, in Otaheite, the ſpirits are devouring the Deity; and when it increaſes, he is recruiting himſelf.

Cook's laſt voyage, vol. 1. p. 166.

FARRAGO.

To Correſpondents:

A. N.'s Paper has come under our inſpection, and ſhall receive the attention it deſerves.

ZEPHELINA ſhall not long be neglected.

A's *ſomething*, called 'A Poetic Epiſtle,' is a mere jingle of words. The writer appears to have imitated the *Croelian** ſtyle, but has fallen infinitely below it, both in nobleneſs of ſentiment and elegance of expreſſion.

(We aſk pardon for uſing an adjective, known to only a few of our readers.)*

MARRIED,

In Dover, (Eng.) Charles Pritchard, Eſq. aged 87, to Miſs Charlotte Purſuivance, aged 19, a young lady celebrated for her beauty and accompliſhments, and worth an annual income of 7000l. ſterl.—Having a great number of ſuitors, (from the beardleſs youth to hoary age) ſhe determined to give them an equal chance, and accordingly pitched upon a game at '*blind-man's buff*,' to decide who ſhould be her huſband —when the gentlemen were ready, and big with expectation, ſhe entered the room, and had the *good fortune* to *grope* upon the above *young gallant*.

At Charleſtown, (N. H.) Mr. Nathan Knapp, of this town, to Miſs Loiſa Grinell, of C.

DIED,

In Italy, Princeſs Maria Thereſa, of Savoy, wife of the Count d'Artois.

At Fitchburgh, (Maſs.) JOSEPH A. MARSHALL, A. B. aged 23.

It is not in our power to give the entire character of the deceaſed. Our acquaintance with him commenced on his becoming a member of Dartmouth Univerſity, in 1800. In the capacity of a ſcholar he could not long remain unnoticed. His ſtrong attachment to the ſciences was ſufficiently manifeſted by the valuable acquiſitions he made, both in claſſical knowledge and in general literature. Nature had given him *five talents*, and a ſtrong deſire to cultivate them all. And it is but juſt, to ſay, that in his claſs he had no ſuperior, and perhaps no equal. His amiable deportment, and inceſſant attention to ſtudy, procured him the favor of his fellow-ſtudents, and alſo of the Authority of College, who honored him with one of the principal performances in the public exerciſes of Commencement. He was graduated in 1803, and immediately entered the ſtudy of the Law. After purſuing with uſual ardor his profeſſional ſtudies for nearly a year, he was attacked by a diſorder, which obliged him to abandon all hopes of future fame and uſefulneſs, and ſubmit himſelf to the controul of a lingering, painful ſickneſs. From that time he has been gradually declining; and on Friday the 8th inſtant, with the calmneſs and reſignation of a chriſtian, he bade his friends and the world a final adieu!—And who of his intimate acquaintance can refrain from dropping a tear to mingle with thoſe of his mourning relatives?

SELECTED POETRY.

THE CURE OF SAUL.

[Concluded from p. 44.]

BEHOLD, obedient to their great command,
The lifted dagger quits his trembling hand :
Smooth'd is his brow, where ſullen care
And furrow'd horror couch'd with fell deſpair :
No more his eyes with fury glow ;
But heav'nly grief ſucceeds to hell-born woe.—
See the ſigns of grace appear :
See the ſoft relenting tear,
Trickling at ſweet mercy's call !
Catch it, Angels, ere it fall !
And let the heart-ſent offering riſe,
Heav'ns beſt-accepted ſacrifice !—

Yet, yet again ?—Ah ſee the pang returns !
Again with inward fire his heaving boſom burns !
Now, *ſhepherds*, wake a mightier ſtrain ;
Search the deep, heart rending pain ;
Till the large floods of ſorrow roll,
And quench the tortures of his ſoul.
Almighty LORD, accept his pang ſincere !
Let heav'nly hope diſpel each dark temptation !
And, while he pours the penitential tear,
O viſit him with thy ſalvation !—

Stoop from heav'n, ye raptur'd throng :
Sink, ye ſwelling tides of ſong !
For lo, diſſolv'd by muſic's melting pow'r,
Celeſtial ſorrow rolls her plenteous ſhow'r.
O'er his wan cheek the colours riſe ;
And beams of comfort brighten in his eyes.
Happy King, thy woes are o'er !
Thy God ſhall wound thy heart no more :
The pitying father of mankind
Meets the pure-returning mind.
No more ſhall black deſpair afflict his ſoul :
Each gentler ſound, ye ſhepherds, now combine :
Sweetly let the numbers roll :
Sooth him into hope divine.

Now lowly let the ruſtic meaſure glide,
To quell the dark remains of ſelf-conſuming pride ;
Till nature's home-ſprung bleſſings he confeſs,
And own that calm content is happineſs.—
Ye woods and lakes, ye cliffs and mountains !
Haunted grots, and living fountains !
Liſten to your ſhepherd's lay,
Whoſe artleſs carols cloſe the day.
Bounding kids around him throng ;
The ſteep rock echoes back his ſong :
While all unſeen to mortal eye,
Sliding down the evening ſky,
Holy *Peace*, though born above,
Daughter of *Innocence* and *Love*,
Quits her throne and manſion bright,
Her crown of ſtars, and robe of light,
Serene, in gentle ſmiles array'd,
To dwell beneath his palm-tree ſhade.
Hail, meek Angel ! awful gueſt !
Still pour thy radiance o'er my breaſt !
Pride and *Hate* in courts may ſhine :
The *Shepherd's* calm and blameleſs tent is thine !

Softly, ſoftly breath your numbers,
And wrap his weary'd ſoul in ſlumbers !
Gentle ſleep, becalm his breaſt,
And cloſe his eyes in healing reſt !
Deſcend, celeſtial viſions, ye who wait,
God's miniſtring pow'rs, at Heav'n's eternal gate !
Ye who nightly vigils keep,
And rule the ſilent realms of ſleep,
Exalt the juſt to joys refin'd,
And plunge in woe the guilty mind ;
Deſcend !—Oh, waft him to the ſkies,
And open all heav'n's glories to his eyes !
Beyond yon ſtarry roof, by ſeraphs trod,
Where light's unclouded fountains blaze ;
Where choirs immortal hymn their God,
Intranc'd in ecſtaſy of ceaſeleſs praiſe.
Angels, heal his anguiſh !
Your harps and voices join !
His grief to bliſs ſhall languiſh,
When ſooth'd by ſounds divine.

Behold, with dawning joy each feature glows !
See, the bliſsful tear o'erflows !—
The fiend is fled ! Let muſic's rapture riſe :
Now, harmony, thy ev'ry nerve employ :
Shake the dome. and pierce the ſkies :
Wake him, wake him into joy.—
What pow'r can every paſſion's throe control ?
What pow'r can boaſt the charm divine,
To ſtill the tempeſt of the ſoul ?
Celeſtial *Harmony*, that mighty charm is thine !
She, heav'nly-born, came down to viſit earth,
When from God's eternal throne
The beam of all-creative Wiſdom ſhone,
And ſpake fair Order into birth.
At Wiſdom's call ſhe robed yon glittering ſkies,
Attun'd the ſpheres, and taught conſenting orbs to riſe.
Angels wrapt in wonder ſtood,
And ſaw that all was fair, and all was good.
'Twas then, ye ſons of God, in bright array
Ye ſhouted o'er creation's day :
Then kindling into joy,
The morning ſtars together ſung ;
And thro' the vaſt etherial ſky
Seraphic hymns and loud hoſannahs rung.

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CUPID AWAKENED.

PARAPHRASED FROM THE FRENCH.

AS thro' a cool ſequeſter'd wild,
The other day, I carleſs ſtray'd,
I ſaw, by chance, a blooming child
Aſleep beneath a woodbine ſhade.

'Twas Cupid's ſelf—for well I knew
The Urchin, by his pleaſing air,
His vermeil lips, and bluſhing hue,
And golden ringlets of his hair.

With cautious ſteps I 'proach'd him near,
And marked well his lovely charms ;
Examin'd too, without a fear,
His unſtrung bow and barbed arms.

" Ah me !" I to myſelf then cried,
" Can grace like this ſuch care create ?
Is this the Boy I have defy'd,
Who ſways with unrelenting hate ?
Sure, under theſe ſoft dimpled ſmiles
Deception foul can never dwell ?
Nor can this face by artful wiles
The boſom's throbbing pulſes ſwell ?"

Thus muſing, in deep eager thought,
A ſigh eſcap'd my anxious breaſt ;
The God awoke—I pardon ſought,
But ſtern revenge his ſoul poſſeſt.

Forth, then, his odour,d wings he ſpread,
And from his quiver drew a dart ;
Twang went the bow—the weapon fled
All forceful thro' my trembling heart.

" Go now," he ſaid, " to Roſa go,
And pity at her feet implore ;
There ſigh thy ſmart and ſecret woe,
And all thy troubles number o'er.

For captive thou to her ſhall be
Bound faſt with this bandeau of mine ;
And ſince thou'ſt dar'd to 'waken me,
Keen love ſhall fill that breaſt of thine."

[*European Mag.*

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MARY.

THE wind blew chill, the beating rain
In torrents pour'd on Mary's form,
As wrapt in grief ſhe ſought the plain,
And brav'd the fury of the ſtorm :
Loud thunder roll'd along the ſky,
The vivid lightning round her gleam'd ;
Her boſom heav'd with many a ſigh,
And tears adown her pale cheeks ſtream'd.

Oh, Henry ! cruel perjur'd youth,
How could you this fond heart deceive ?
Oft' have you vow'd with ſeeming truth,
You never would your Mary leave :
Ah me ! this little trembling heart
Fondly believ'd the oaths you've ſworn,
And where it lov'd, could ſee no art—
But Mary now is left forlorn.

Yet hear me, ev'ry heav'nly pow'r,
Invoke your bleſſings on his head ;
May no ill-fated, luckleſs hour
To Henry whiſper—" Mary's dead !"
She ſpoke—But now—a ſtiffen'd corſe,
By light'ning ſtruck, poor Mary lay !
And Henry lives to deep remorſe,
And dire deſpair, a laſting prey.

ANECDOTE.

A FEW years ago, when the river Delaware was frozen, a number of booths were erected on the ice, near one of which an Iriſhman obſerved a perſon to fall in, ran immediately to the proprietor of the booth and informed him he had juſt ſeen a man enter his cellar, and adviſed him to take care of his liquor.

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